



# ENCOUNTERS

Design: Cindy Bowers

Saturday  
January 18, 1986  
Convocation Hall

The Department of Music  
presents

## ENCOUNTERS

*The Third of a Series  
of Four Concerts*

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### Introduction

Dr. Christopher Lewis

### Program:

**Trio in E-flat for horn,  
violin and piano, Op. 40  
(1865)**

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Andante — Poco più animato  
Scherzo: Allegro —  
Molto meno allegro  
Adagio mesto  
Finale: Allegro con brio

*Norman Nelson (violin)*  
*Kay McCallister (horn)*  
*Joachim Segger (piano)*

**Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21  
(1912)**

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874-1951)

Three-times-seven poems  
by Albert Giraud

Part I:

1. Mondestrunken
  2. Colombine
  3. Der Dandy
  4. Eine Blasse Wäscherin
  5. Valse de Chopin
  6. Madonna
  7. Der Kranke Mond
- (continued)

PROGRAM NOTES

AND

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## PROGRAM NOTES

### TRIO IN E-FLAT FOR HORN, VIOLIN AND PIANO, OP. 40 (1865) - JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833 - 1897)

Together with the piano, the horn, which Brahms played as a young man, formed an important starting point in the development of his feeling for instrumental timbres. Brahms was thirty-two when he wrote the Horn Trio, a work which, besides including themes of the hunting type traditionally associated with the horn--and it is significant that he expressed a preference for the evocative natural horn to be used here, although the valved instrument had long been current--is pervaded by two dissimilar moods: tranquil romantic reverie, inspired by the beauty of the Black Forest where the Trio was composed, and grief at the death of his mother three months earlier. The latter finds outlet in the deeply elegiac third movement (in the course of which occurs a slow-speed anticipation of the finale's main theme) and the brooding central section of the scherzo, which otherwise is cheerfully bucolic and illustrates a favourite Brahmsian technique of lengthening figures derived from basic material. Most unusually for Brahms, the first movement is not cast in sonata form but is a mellow meditation consisting of contrasting sections, alternately in 2/4 and 9/8, within an extremely subtly organized tonal scheme. It will be observed that the piano (which the composer himself played at the first performance in December 1865) is occupied mainly with accompanimental figurations in the opening Andante and comes to the fore only with the succeeding scherzo.

(© Lionel Salter)

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912) - ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874 - 1951)

Beginning as a nameless "zanni"\* in a white suit, the character of Pierrot moved with the Commedia dell'Arte to France where he was given his name by Molière, and his constantly changing role by the writers for the fairs of Paris. Perhaps because of his ability to be anyone and anything, Pierrot was a natural character to be assumed by individuals, who imbued him with their own personalities and abilities. Thus by the end of the nineteenth century, Pierrot was rude, egotistical, mournful, stricken with nightmares, cruel, teasing, and a master of trickery. His identification with the moon arose with the great French mime Jean-Claude Deburau, and was established forever in the symbolist poems of Paul Verlaine. In the "rondels bergamasques" by Albert Giraud, written in 1884, he is all of these things.

Dreimal Sieben Gedichte aus Albert Girauds Pierrot Lunaire was written by Arnold Schoenberg in 1912 as a commission from a retired German actress, Albertine Zehme. Mme. Zehme had a fascination with the character of Pierrot and a background in melodramatic performance, so popular at the end of the nineteenth century. A previous commission for a piano accompaniment as background to the Hartleben translations of Giraud's poems had left her dissatisfied and, on the advice of friends, she recommissioned settings of the poems from Arnold Schoenberg. The result is the closest amalgamation of the speaking voice and music ever written. Though melodrama unified the speaking voice and music, Schoenberg integrated his precisely notated inflections into the actual musical fabric of the work, both rhythmically and melodically. No inflection is left to chance, thus

\*an unmasked character from the Italian Commedia dell'Arte, usually a servant

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912) -  
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874 - 1951) continued

allowing the composer to govern all of the vocal gestures that communicate the vast scope of emotional colorings of which the human voice is capable.

The poems are arranged in three groups of seven poems. Section one introduces us to Pierrot as a moon-drunk poet, dandified and melancholy. Section two leads us through his nightmares when the light is obscured by gigantic black butterflies, his laughter is gone, and he is finally crucified on his poems. The third section returns him to his home in a fantastic world of brighter light. Though the poems can be interpreted many ways from naive fun to intensely black, Schoenberg, by controlling the rhythm and inflection of the reciter, allows only his own interpretation of the symbolism, and indeed admonishes the performers not to add to the music what is not there.

Pierrot Lunaire is a magical and fascinating work in many respects. Its use of devices such as canon and passacaglia, contrapuntal intricacies, motivic and non-motivic formal procedures and rhythmic associations are all notable. Though each of the twenty-one poems has repeated lines of text, the musical settings of these lines are always different. The chamber ensemble is unique in itself, being actually a quintet with three players expected to double on another instrument, yielding a large number of instrumental combinations. A different instrumental group is used in each piece. The work is one of virtuosic nature, constantly presenting the musicians with challenges. Pierrot Lunaire, in the words of Pierre Boulez, is indeed, a "musical fact that is uniquely successful" in the twentieth century.

(Elsie Hepburn)

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

PIERROT LUNAIRE, OP. 21 (1912) - ARNOLD SCHOENBERG (1874 - 1951)

German text by Otto Erich Hartleben.

English translations by Ingolf Dahl and Carl Beier.

PART 1:

### 1. Mondestrunken / Moondrunk

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,

Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,

Und eine Springflut überschwemmt

Den stillen Horizont.

Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,  
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,

Giesst Nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.

Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,  
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,

Den Himmel wendet er verzückt  
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und  
schlürft er

Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.

The wine that only eyes may  
drink

Pours from the moon in waves  
at nightfall

And like a springflood  
overwhelms

The still horizon rim.

Desires, shivering and sweet,  
Are swimming without number  
through the flood waters!

The wine that only eyes  
may drink

Pours from the moon in waves  
at nightfall.

The poet, by his ardor driven,  
Grown drunken with the holy  
drink--

To heaven he rapturously lifts

His head and reeling slips and  
swallows

The wine that only eyes may  
drink

## 2. Columbine / Columbine

Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weissen Wunderrosen,  
Blühh in den Julinächten--  
O bräch ich eine nur!

Mein banges Leid zu lindern,  
Such ich am dunklen Strome  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weissen Wunderrosen.

Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,  
Dürst ich so märchenheimlich,  
so selig leis--entblättern  
Auf deine braunen Haare  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!

The moonlight's palest blossoms,  
The whitest wonder-roses,  
Bloom in summer nightfall.  
O might I break just one!

My anxious pain to soften  
I seek by darkest waters--  
The moonlight's palest blossoms,  
The whitest wonder-roses.

Fulfilled would be my yearning  
Might I, as one enchanted,  
As one in sleep, unpetal  
Upon your auburn tresses  
The moonlight's palest blossoms.

## 3. Der Dandy / The Dandy

Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen  
Flacons  
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen  
Waschtisch  
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.

In tönender, bronzener Schale  
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen  
Klangs.  
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen  
Flacons.

Pierrot mit dem wächsernen Antlitz  
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute  
sich schminkt?  
Fort schiebt er das Rot und des  
Orients Grün  
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem  
Stil  
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.

With lightbeams so weird and  
fantastic  
The luminous moon lights the  
glistening jars  
On the ebon, high-holiest  
washstand  
Of the taciturn dandy from  
Bergamo.

Resounding in bronze-tinted  
basin  
Brightly laughs the fountain  
with metallic ring.  
With lightbeams so weird and  
fantastic  
The luminous moon lights the  
glistening jars.

Pierrot, with waxen complexion,  
Stands musing, and thinks: How  
shall I today make up?  
He shoves aside rouge and the  
Oriental green,  
And he daubs his face in most  
dignified style  
With moonbeams so weird and  
fantastic.

#### 4. Eine Blasse Wascherin / A Pale Washerwoman

Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher,  
Nackte, silberweisse Arme  
Streckt sie nieder in die Flut.

Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,  
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.  
Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wascht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher.

Und die sanfte Magá des Himmels,  
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,  
Breitet auf die dunklen Wiesen

Ihre lichtgewobnen Linnen--  
Eine blasse Wäscherin.

A pale washerwoman  
Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs,  
Naked, silverwhitest arms  
Reaching downward to the waters.

Through the clearing steal the  
breezes  
Gently stirring up the stream.  
A pale washerwoman  
Washes nightly pallid kerchiefs.

And the gentle Maid of Heaven,  
By the branches softly fondled,  
Spreads out on the darkling  
meadows  
All her light-bewoven linen--  
A pale washerwoman.

#### 5. Valse de Chopin / A Chopin Waltz

Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,

Also ruht auf diesen Tönen  
Ein vernichtungssüchtger Reiz.

Wilder Luft Accorde stören  
Der Verzweiflung eisgen Traum--  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.

Heis und jauchzend, süß und  
schmachtend,  
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,  
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen!  
Haftest mir an den Gedanken,  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!

As a faint red drop of blood  
Stains the pale lips of one  
stricken,  
So there sleeps within these tones.  
A morbid, soul-infecting lure.

Chords of savage lust disrupt  
The icy dream of bleak despair--  
As a faint red drop of blood  
Stains the pale lips of one  
stricken.

Warm and joyous, sweet and  
yearning,  
Melancholy-somber waltzes  
Haunt me ever through my senses,  
Cling in my imagination  
As a faint red drop of blood.

## 6. Madonna / Madonna

Steig, O Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!  
Blut aus deinen magren Brüsten

Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen;

Deine ewig frischen Wunden  
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.  
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!

In den abgezehrten Händen  
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,  
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit--  
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet

Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!

Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows,  
On the altar of my verses!  
Blood from your poor, shrunken  
breasts  
By the sword's cold rage was  
spilled.

Your deep wounds forever open  
Seem like eyes, so red and staring.  
Rise, O Mother of All Sorrows,  
On the altar of my verses.

In your thin and wasted arms  
You hold up your Son's broken body  
To reveal it to all mankind--  
Yet the eyes of men avoid your  
grief,  
O Mother of All Sorrows.

## 7. Der Kranke Mond / The Sick Moon

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,  
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergross,  
Bannt mich wie fremde Melodie.

An unstillbarem Liebesleid  
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,

Du nächtig todeskranker Mond  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl.

Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch  
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht,  
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel--  
Dein blieches, qualgebornes Blut,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond.

You somber, deathly-stricken moon,  
There on the heaven's darkest couch,  
Your gaze, so feverishly swollen,  
Charms me like a strange enchanted  
air.

Of insatiable love-pangs  
You die, die, by yearning over-  
whelmed,  
You somber, deathly-stricken moon,  
There on the heaven's darkest couch.

The lover who, with rapturous heart,  
Without a care to his mistress goes  
Is happy in your play of light,  
In your pale and tormented blood,  
You somber, deathly-stricken moon.

## PART II:

### 8. Nacht / Night

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfelter  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.  
Ein geschlossnes Zauberbuch,  
Ruht der Horizont--verschwiegen.

Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen  
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.

Und vom Himmel erdenwärts  
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen

Unsichtbar die Ungetüme  
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder . . .

Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.

Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings  
Killed the splendid shine of sun.  
An unopened magic-book,  
The dark horizon lies--in /  
silence.

The dank fumes of lower darkness  
Give off vapor--stifling memory!  
Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings  
Killed the splendid shine of sun.

And from heaven down to earth  
Sink, with heavy, swinging  
motion.

Monsters huge, an unseen terror  
On all mankind's hearts now  
falling--

Somber, shadowy, giant mothwings.

### 9. Gebet an Pierrot / Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!  
Das Bild des Glanzes  
Zerfloss--Zerfloss!

Schwarz weht die Flagge  
Mir nun vom Mast.  
Pierrot! Mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!

O gieb mir wieder,  
Rossarzt der Seele,  
Schneemann der Lyrik,  
Durchlaucht vom Monde,  
Pierrot--mein Lachen!

Pierrot! My laughter  
I have forgot!  
The image of splendor  
Dissolved, dissolved.

Black waves my banner  
Now from my mast.  
Pierrot! My laughter  
I have forgot!

O give me once more,  
Horse-doctor of souls,  
Snowman of lyrics,  
Moon's maharajah,  
Pierrot--my laughter!

## 10. Raub / Theft

Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,  
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen,  
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.

Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,  
Steigt Pierrot hinab--zu rauben  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.

Doch da--sträuben sich die Haare,

Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:  
Durch die Finsterniss--wie Augen'--

Stieren aus den Totenschreinen  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.

## 11. Rote Messe / Red Mass

Zu grausem Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,  
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,  
Naht dem Altar--Pierrot!

Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,  
Zerreisst die Priesterkleider  
Zu grausem Abendmahle,  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.

Mit segnender Geberde

Ziegt er den bangen Seelen

Die triefend rote Hostie:  
Sein Herz--in blutgen Fingern--  
Zu grausem Abendmahle!

Princely, luminous red rubies,  
Bloody drops of ancient glory,  
Slumber in the dead men's coffins  
Below, in the catacombs.

Nights, with his boon companions,  
Pierrot creeps down to plunder  
Princely, luminous red rubies,  
Bloody drops of ancient glory.

But look--their hair stands  
straight up,  
Pale with fright they stand rooted;  
Through the fearsome gloom--like  
eyeballs  
Staring from the dead men's coffins,  
Princely, luminous red rubies.

For evil's dread communion  
In blinding golden glitter,  
In candleshine-and-shudder,  
Mounts the altar--Pierrot!

His hand, the consecrated,  
Tears off the priestly vestments  
For evil's dread communion  
In blinding glitter.

With sign-of-cross and blessing  
gestures

He shows to trembling, trembling  
souls

The Host all red and dripping:  
His heart--in bloody fingers--  
For evil's dread communion.

## 12. Galgenlied / Gallows Song

Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse  
Wird seine letzte  
Geliebte sein.

In seinem Hirne  
Steckt wie ein Nagel  
Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse.

Schlank wie die Pinie,  
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen--  
Wollüstig wird sie  
Den Schelm umhalsen,  
Die dürre Dirne!

The haggard harlot  
With scrawny neck  
Will be the last  
Of his mistresses.

In his brain there  
Sticks like a sharp nail  
The haggard harlot  
With scrawny neck.

Thin as a pine tree,  
With hanging pigtail,  
Lustily she will  
Embrace the rascal,  
The haggard harlot!

## 13. Enthauptung / Beheading

Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,  
Gespenstisch gross--draut er hinab

Durch schmerzendsunkle Nacht.

Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher  
Und starrt empor in Todesängsten

Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert

Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.

Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,  
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.  
Er wähnt: es sause strasend schon  
Auf seinen Sünderhals hernieder

Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.

The moon, glistening scimitar  
Set on a black and silken cushion.  
Unearthly huge, it threatens  
downward

Through sorrow-stricken night.

Pierrot wanders so restlessly,  
Lifts up his eyes in deathly  
fright

To the moon, a glistening  
scimitar  
Set on a black and silken  
cushion.

His knees are shaking with fright  
Fainting, he suddenly collapses.  
He thinks that on his sinful neck  
Comes whistling down with brutal  
force

The moon, the glistening scimitar.

#### 14. Die Kreuze / The Crosses

Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,  
Blindgeschlagen von der Geier  
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme!

In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,  
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse,  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.

Tot das Haupt--estarrt die Locken--  
Fern verweht der Larm des Pöbels.  
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,  
Eine rote Königskrone--  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse!

PART III:

#### 15. Heimweh / Homesickness

Lieulich klagend--ein krisstallnes  
Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,  
Klingts heruber: wie Pierrot so  
bölzern,  
So modern sentimental geworden.

Und es tönt durch seines Herzens  
Wüste,  
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne wieder,  
Lieulich klagend--ein kristallnes  
Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.

Da vergisst Pierrot die Trauermienen!  
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des  
Mondes,  
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten--schweift  
die Sehnsucht  
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel  
Lieulich klagend--ein krystallnes  
Seufzen!

Holy crosses are the verses  
On which poets, mute, are bleeding,  
Blindly beaten by the vultures,  
Fluttering swarms of ghostly phantoms.

In their bodies daggers revelled,  
Blazoned in the blood of scarlet!  
Holy crosses are the verses  
On which poets, mute, are bleeding.

Reft of life--the locks rigid--  
Lo, the rabble's noise is fading.  
Slowly sinks the sun in glory,  
Like a crimson Emperor's crown.  
Holy crosses are the verses

Sweetly plaintive--a crystal sighing  
From the old Italian pantomime  
Rings across time: how Pierrot's  
grown awkward  
In such sentimental modern fashion!

And it sounds through the wastes of  
his heart  
Echoes softly through his senses also,  
Sweetly plaintive--a crystal sighing

From the old Italian pantomime.

Now Pierrot forgets his somber mien.  
Through the silvery fireglow of  
moonlight  
Through the flooding waves of light,  
his yearning  
Soars on high to native skies so distant--  
Sweetly plaintive--a crystal sighing.

## 16. Gemeinheit! / Vulgarity

In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert,  
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen,

Zärtlich--einen Schädelbohrer!

Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen  
Seinen echten türkschen Taback  
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert!

Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel  
Hinten in die glatte Glatze  
Und behäbig schmaucht und pafft er  
Seinen echten türkschen Taback  
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!

Into the bald pate of Cassander,  
Who rends the air with screaming,  
Blithe Pierrot, affecting airs so  
kind

And tender--bores with a skull  
drill!

Then he plugs with his big thumb  
His own genuine Turkish tobacco  
Into the bald pate of Cassander,  
Who rends the air with screaming.

Then screwing his cherry pipestem  
Deep into the polished baldpate,  
Quite at ease he puffs and draws  
His own genuine Turkish tobacco  
Out of the bald pate of Cassander!

## 17. Parodie / Parody

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar,  
Sitzt die Duenna murmelnd,  
Im roten Röckchen da.

Sie wartet in der Laube,  
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,

Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar.

Da plötzlich--horch!--ein Wispern!  
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:  
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,  
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen--  
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.

Steel needles, twinkling brightly,  
Stuck in her graying hair,  
Sits the duenna, murmuring,  
In her knee-length scarlet skirt.

She's waiting in the arbor,  
She loves Pierrot with aching  
heart--

Steel needles, twinkling brightly,  
Stuck in her graying hair.

But suddenly--hark--a whisper!  
A windpuff titters softly;  
The moon, the cruel mocker,  
Is aping with its bright rays  
Steel needles' wink and blink.

## 18. Der Mondfleck / The Moonspot

Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes	With a spot of white, of shining moonlight,
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,	On the collar of his jet-black jacket,
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,	So Pierrot goes walking in the evening,
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.	Out to seek some joy and high adventure.
Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem Anzug,	Suddenly, in his dress something disturbs him.
Er beschaut sich rings und findet richtig--	He examines it--and yes, he finds there
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes	A spot of white, of shining moonlight,
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.	On the collar of his jet-black jacket.
Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!	Hang it, he thinks; another spot of whitewash!
Wischt und wischt, doch--bringt ihn nicht herunter!	Whisks and whisks, yet he cannot remove it.
Und so geht er, giftgeschwollen, weiter,	So he goes on, full of spleen and fury,
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen--	Rubs and rubs until the early morning
Einen weissen Fleck des hellen Mondes.	A spot of white, of shining moonlight.

## 19. Serenade / Serenade

Mit groteskem Riesenbogen	With a bow grotesque and monstrous,
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche,	Pierrot scrapes away at his viola;
Wie der Storch auf einem Beine,	Like a stork on only one leg,
Knipst er trub ein Pizzicato.	Sadly plucks a pizzicato.
Plötzlich naht Cassander--wütend	Pop, out comes Cassander,
Ob des nächtgen Virtuosen--	Raging at the nightly virtuoso--
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen	With a bow grotesque and monstrous,
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.	Pierrot scrapes away at his viola.
Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:	Now he throws down his viola:
Mit der delikaten Linken	With his delicate left hand
Fasst den Kahlkopf er am Kragen--	He grabs the baldpate by the collar--
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze	Dreamily plays upon his tonsure
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.	With a bow grotesque and monstrous.

## 20. Heimfahrt / Homeward Bound

Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot:  
Drauf fährt Pierrot den Süden  
Mit gutem Reisewind.

Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen  
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot.

Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,  
Kahrt nun Pierrot zurück,  
Schwach dämmt schon im Osten  
Der grüne Horizont.  
--Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.

A moonbeam for the rudder,  
Water lily for a boat,  
So Pierrot travels southward  
With fresh prevailing wind.

The stream hums deep cadenzas  
And rocks the little skiff;  
A moonbeam for the rudder,  
Water lily for a boat.

To Bergamo, the homeland,  
Now Pierrot returns;  
Faint glows the green horizon  
With dawning in the east--  
A moonbeam for the rudder.

## 21. O Alter Duft / O Fragrance Old

O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!  
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein  
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.

Ein gluckhaft Wünschen macht mich  
frob  
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet;  
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder mich!

All meinen unmut gab ich preis,  
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster

Beschau ich frei die liebe Welt  
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten . . .

O alter Duft--aus Märchenzeit!

O fragrance old from days of yore  
Once more you intoxicate my sense  
A prankish troop of rogueries  
Is swirling through buoyant air.

A cheerful longing makes me hope  
For joys which I had long despise  
O fragrance old from days of yore  
Once more you intoxicate me.

I have abandoned all my gloom  
And from my window framed in  
sunlight

I freely gaze on the dear world  
And dream beyond in boundless  
transport--

O fragrance old--from days of yore

## PROGRAM NOTES

### SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION, OP. 110 (1937) - BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945)

Commissioned by the Swiss conductor, Paul Sacher, on behalf of the Basel section of the International Society for Contemporary Music, this "Quartet for two pianists and two percussionists" ranges among Bartók's most profound and mature ensemble works, comparable only to his other two famous "Basel"-works--the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste, and the Divertimento for String Orchestra. Although deeply grounded in the archaic musical heritage of East European peasant cultures, Bartók always was the ingenious visionary who transformed those impulses received through his folk music research into "art music", thereby creating a musical language that projected far beyond his time. Even today we stand in awe before the structural and harmonic complexities of the towering first movement of this sonata. Never before has a composer exploited such a wide array of percussion instruments with such finesse and refinement. In addition to the two pianos, the score calls for three timpani, xylophone, side drum with snares, side drum without snares, cymbal suspended, pair of cymbals, bass drum and tam-tam. Since Bartók perceived the piano essentially as a percussive instrument, it is no surprise that he was intrigued by the idea of combining its sound propensities with the rich sonorities inherent to those percussion instruments he used.

The result in form of this Sonata is overwhelming. The dominating first movement, which is as long as the

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION, OP. 110 (1937) -  
BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945) continued

two others combined, follows in essence the concept of the sonata movement form. However, the most striking features are

- a) a formal concept that is based on the proportions of the "Golden Division" creating a kind of "architecture in time";
- b) a harmonic language--easily recognized as "Bartókian" today--which is based to a large extent on the Fibonacci-Series, a mathematical manifestation of the Golden Division, expressed in proportions of whole numbers;
- c) a highly complex rhythmical structure, so difficult to realize, that at first this was considered hardly possible to play;
- c) a masterly contrapuntal texture, which includes many "learned devices" like inversions, old forms like the canon, or compact imitative treatment of small motives.

All this seems to serve a tremendous emotional pulse sometimes emerging with cataclysmic power.

The other two movements are much more relaxed. They employ the percussion instruments in a more solistic way, thereby allowing for a maximum display of individual sonorities. In the slow movement, Bartók uses a number

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION, OP. 110 (1937) -  
BÉLA BARTÓK (1881 - 1945) continued

of characteristic sound effects, like the glissando and the tone cluster, that complement the inherent qualities of the percussion instruments. The tonal centres of the beautifully melancholic theme are again designed according to Bartók's expanded harmonic scheme, which the famous Hungarian theoretician, Ernő Lendvai, called "Bartok's Axis System", which can be described as a harmonic twelve-tone concept that never leaves the firm grounds of tonality.

The last movement is essentially a joyful play with important motives derived from the original diatonic theme as stated by the xylophone in the very beginning. Here we again find strict motivic work combined with strong contrapuntal elements. In many ways, Bartok's compositional procedures are like those of Beethoven. In contemplating this fact and comparing the last string quartets by Beethoven with the first string quartet by Bartok, for example, one could be tempted to say that Bartok continued where Beethoven left off, as if the wonderfully magical realm of Romanticism in music had never existed.

(Helmut Brauss)





## **Pierrot Lunaire, Op. 21**

**(1912)** continued

Part II:

8. Nacht
9. Gebet an Pierrot
10. Raub
11. Rote Messe
12. Galgenlied
13. Enthauptung
14. Die Kreuze

Part III:

15. Heimweh
16. Gemeinheit!
17. Parodie
18. Der Mondfleck
19. Serenade
20. Heimfahrt
21. O alter Duft

*Elsie Hepburn (sprechstimme)*

*Norman Nelson (violin and viola)*

*Colin Ryan (violoncello)*

*Kerry Rittich (flute and  
piccolo)*

*John Mahon (clarinet and bass  
clarinet)*

*Joachim Segger (piano)*

*Malcolm Forsyth (conductor)*

## **Intermission**

### **Sonata for two pianos and percussion, Op. 110 (1937)**

Béla Bartók  
(1881-1945)

Assai lento — Allegro molto

Lento ma non troppo

Allegro non troppo

*Helmut Brauss and*

*Elizabeth Laich (pianos)*

*Barry Nemish and*

*Brian Jones (percussion)*

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The Department of Music gratefully acknowledges the donations of time and talent by staff, students, and friends without which the Encounters series would not be possible.

The next program in the Encounters series will take place on Sunday, March 2 at 8:00 p.m. in Convocation Hall featuring works by Janáček, Forsyth, Scriabin and Britten.

